

LAW  
BREAKERS

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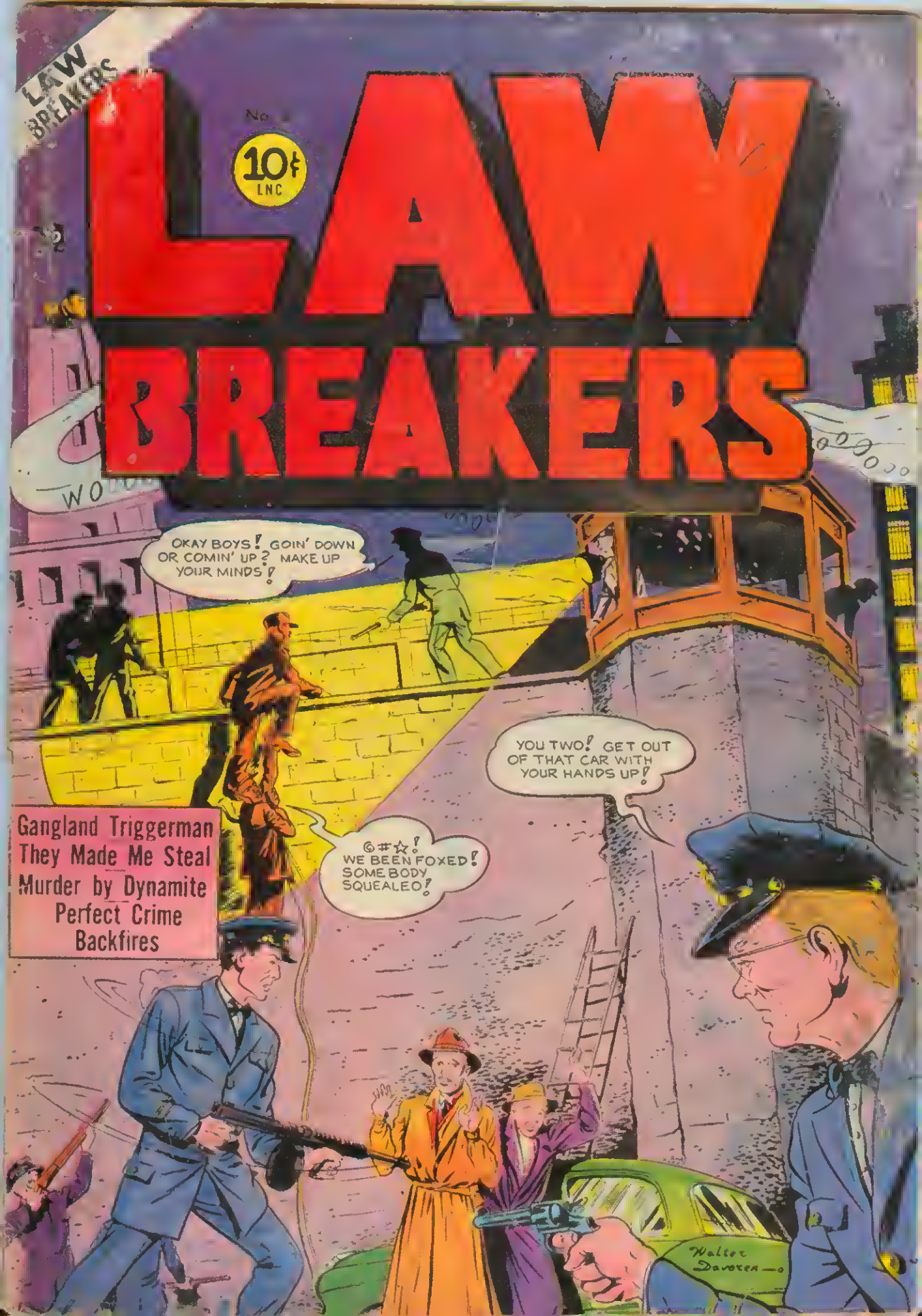
# LAW BREAKERS

OKAY BOYS! GOIN' DOWN  
OR COMIN' UP? MAKE UP  
YOUR MINDS!

YOU TWO! GET OUT  
OF THAT CAR WITH  
YOUR HANDS UP!

6#☆!  
WE BEEN FOXED!  
SOMEBODY  
SQUEALEO!

Gangland Triggerman  
They Made Me Steal  
Murder by Dynamite  
Perfect Crime  
Backfires





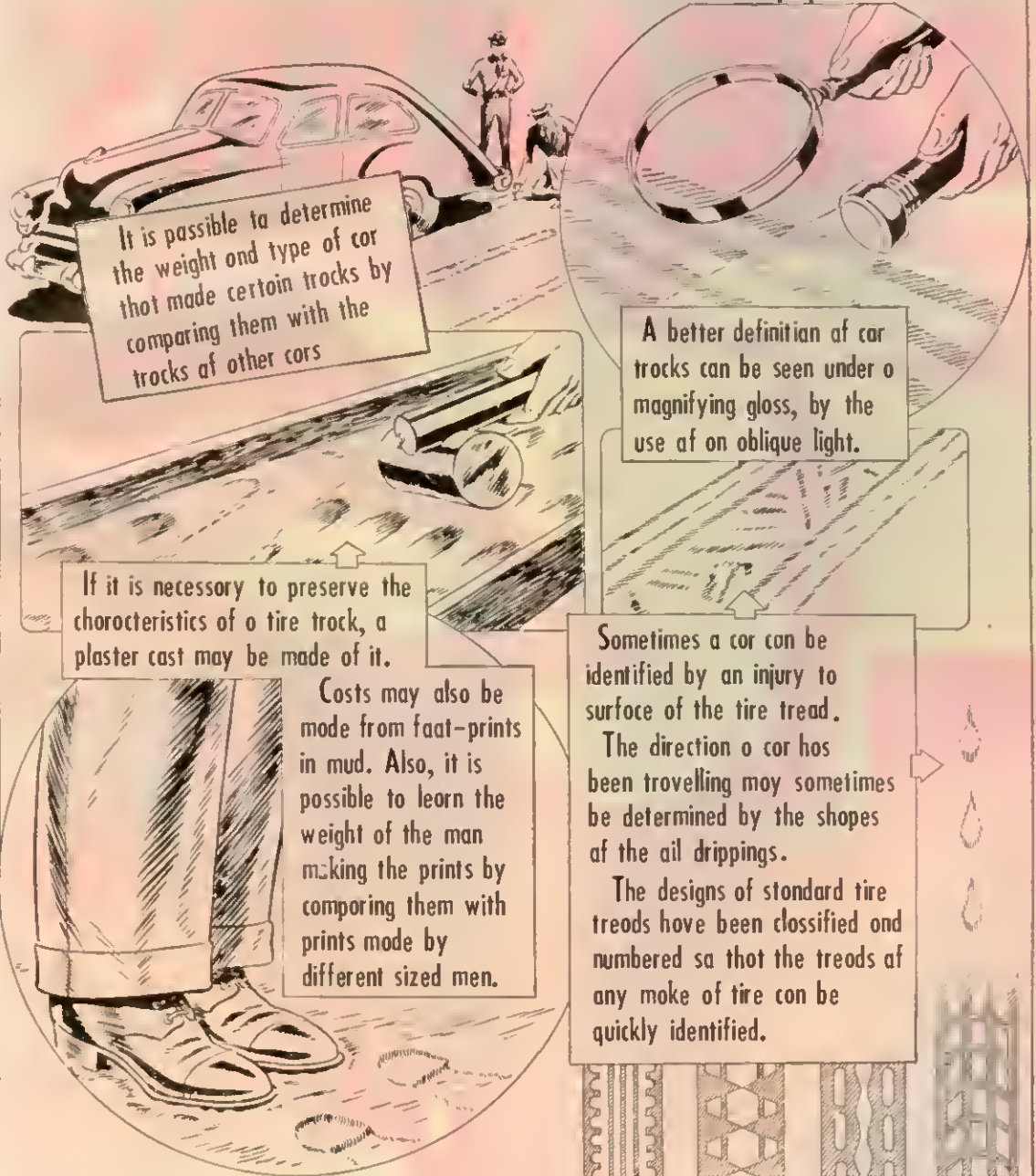


WEB COMIC  
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# CRIME TRACKS

How criminals are trapped



It is possible to determine the weight and type of car that made certain tracks by comparing them with the tracks of other cars

A better definition of car tracks can be seen under a magnifying glass, by the use of an oblique light.

If it is necessary to preserve the characteristics of a tire track, a plaster cast may be made of it.

Costs may also be made from foot-prints in mud. Also, it is possible to learn the weight of the man making the prints by comparing them with prints made by different sized men.

Sometimes a car can be identified by an injury to surface of the tire tread.

The direction a car has been travelling may sometimes be determined by the shapes of the oil droppings.

The designs of standard tire treads have been classified and numbered so that the treads of any make of tire can be quickly identified.

# I WAS A GANGLAND TRIGGERMAN



**I**N THE SENATE CRIME INVESTIGATION, TESTIMONY AFTER TESTIMONY GAVE SUBSTANCE TO THE BELIEF THAT GAMBLING IS THE VERY BACKBONE OF ORGANIZED CRIME IN THIS COUNTRY...

THE ORDINARY CITIZEN, WHO BETS TWO DOLLARS ON A HORSE, LITTLE REALIZES THAT HE IS FEEDING A HUGE OCTOPUS OF VICE THAT REACHES INTO ALL PARTS OF THIS COUNTRY...

THIS STORY IS BASED ON A TRUE POLICE CASE, AND WILL TAKE YOU BEHIND THE SCENES... TO THE VERY LAIR OF THE MONSTER...



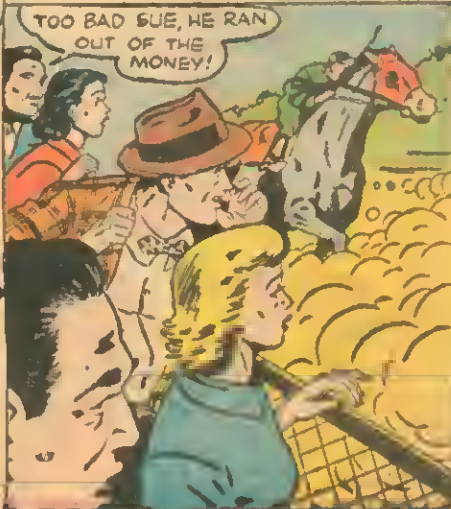
TOMORROW, THE DOORS OF THIS PRISON WILL OPEN, AND I'M GOING OUT.. IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, I'VE BEEN HERE.. AN ETERNITY OF WAITIN'... ALWAYS WAITING...



WHEN I THINK BACK OVER THE YEARS, I REALIZE THE PATH OF LIFE I CHOSE COULDN'T HELP BUT BRING ME TO THIS TOMB OF THE SEMI-LIVING!



MY DOWNFALL REALLY HAD ITS BEGINNING THE DAY I TOOK SUE TILTON TO THE RACE TRACK...



TOO BAD SUE, HE RAN OUT OF THE MONEY!



SUE WAS PRETTY UNHAPPY AS WE WALKED FROM THE TRACK... SHE'D BEEN CARRIED AWAY BY THE EXCITEMENT, AND BET MORE THAN SHE'D INTENDED TO... OF MONEY WE'D BEEN SAVING TO GET MARRIED ON.



IT'S TERRIBLE... I SHOULDN'T'VE DONE IT! BUT IF ONLY ONE OF THOSE HORSES HAD WON...

NO ONE CAN PICK WINNERS, SUE! WHEN YOU BET ON A HORSERACE, YOU SHOULD EXPECT TO LOSE!



AT THE TRACK, SUE HAD GIVEN ME THE MONEY TO PLACE HER BETS. THAT EVENING SHE CAME IN FOR A REAL SURPRISE...

OH PHIL... THIS IS WONDERFUL... YOU DIDN'T BET IT! BUT SUPPOSING MY HORSES HAD WON? WHAT THEN?

THEY JUST DIDN'T FIGURE TO WIN SUE. THEY WERE SUCKER BETS... I DECIDED TO TAKE A CHANCE!



PHIL! DO YOU REALIZE YOU'D'VE MADE OVER A HUNDRED DOLLARS OFF OF JUST ME TODAY... WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OTHER PEOPLE'S BETS? WE'D GET RICH!

YOU MEAN, BE A BOOKIE?

WHY NOT? I COULD GET ALL THE GIRLS IN THE OFFICE TO BET WITH YOU... AND YOU HAVE FRIENDS WHO BET!

IT SOUNDED EASY, AND FOR A TIME IT WAS... THE MONEY CAME ROLLING IN!..



IT WAS TOO GOOD TO LAST... AND IT DIDN'T. ONE DAY I CAME HOME TO FIND TWO MEN WAITING FOR ME...





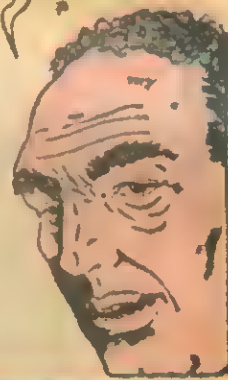
FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS I LAID THERE, TOO STUNNED TO MOVE... I KNEW THAT I'D BEEN WARNED BY THE SYNDICATE... IN THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW...



LATER THAT NIGHT, A KNOCK CAME ON MY DOOR... IT WAS A SYNDICATE REPRESENTATIVE



SURE... IF YOU CAN'T PLAY AGAINST US, WHY NOT PLAY WITH US! YOU'LL DO WELL, TOO...

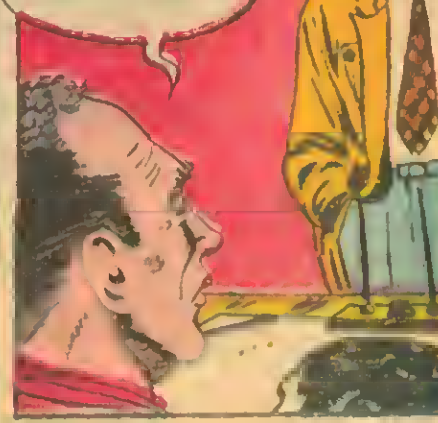


WELL THAT WAS IT... I WAS BACK IN BUSINESS. I KEPT MY OLD CUSTOMERS, AND SERVED OTHERS FOR THE SYNDICATE.



A COUPLE OF YEARS PASSED GRADUALLY THE BIG BOYS TOOK ME INTO THEIR CONFIDENCE... I WAS GIVEN MORE RESPONSIBILITY... THEN ONE DAY...

PHIL... ONE OF OUR BIGGEST BOOKIES IS HOLDING OUT ON US! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD PERSUADE HIM TO PLAY BALL... THERE'S A HUNDRED BUCKS IN IT FOR YOU!







AND IN IT FOR  
KEEPS I WAS..  
IN THE MONTHS  
THAT PASSED,  
I WAS IN ON  
TWO MORE  
GANG KILLINGS.  
I'D GRADUATED  
FROM DRIVER  
TO GUNSEL..  
I WAS N SO  
DEEP, MY ONLY  
HOPE LAY IN  
DOING THE GANG'S  
BIDDING!



ACE DON'T  
LIKE COMPETITION!

DON'T..  
ILL QUIT..  
PLEASE!!  
AAAAA-

YOU'LL  
QUIT ALL  
RIGHT!



I WANT YOU TO  
FIND ROCCO..  
HE'S WELSHED  
ON OVER TEN  
GRAND!

WHERE'LL  
I START  
LOOKING??

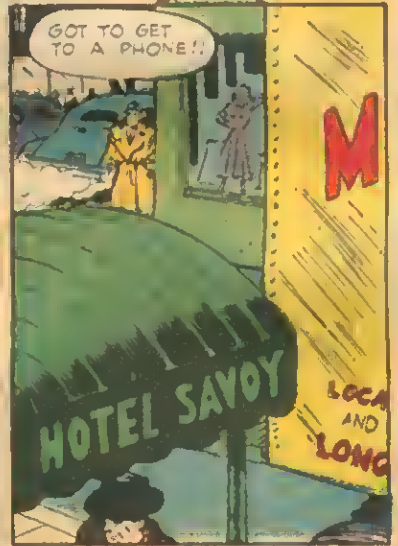


I DON'T CARE  
WHERE.. BUT  
TAKE THIS TOWN  
APART 'TIL YOU  
FIND HIM! -



WEEKS WENT BY... I WAS  
RELIEVED OF ALL OTHER  
ASSIGNMENTS... THEN, ONE DAY..

ROCCO!!



GOT TO GET  
TO A PHONE!!



ACE... THIS IS  
PHIL HOUSTIN..  
I'VE FOUND  
ROCCO... HE'S  
IN THE SAVOY  
HOTEL...

GOOD!! IF HE  
DON'T PAYU  
PUT A  
BULLET IN  
HIS DOUBLE-  
CROSSING  
SKULL...  
AND FAST!



ROCCO WAS STUNNED  
WHEN I ENTERED HIS  
ROOM..

WH-WHAT DO  
Y-YOU -WANT?

TEN  
GRAND  
ROCCO..  
OR YOU!



I HAVEN'T GOT IT  
GIVE ME TIME..  
A FEW WEEKS..

IT'S TOO BAD,  
ROCCO!! YOU'RE  
WASHED UP!!



ONCE MORE I PULLED A TRIGGER.. ROCCO SPUN AROUND THEN PITCHED FORWARD.. I EMPTIED THE GUN AT HIM...



"THIS IS YOUR PAYOFF... BIG GUY..."

PHIL... THE PAPER SAYS THE P.A. KNOWS WHO GOT ROCCO... MAYBE YOU'D BETTER LEAVE TOWN...



"HOW COULD THEY KNOW... NO ONE SAW ME... AND ONLY ACE AND I KNEW ABOUT IT."

THEN SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURST OPEN... THE HALL WAS FULL OF COPS...



"DROP IT!.. PHIL!.. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR ROCCO'S MURDER.."

"HUH?"

YOU CAN'T PIN THAT ON ME.. I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT AN ALIBI A MILE LONG.



YOU SLIPPED THIS TIME, PHIL, WE'VE HAD ACE RAYMOND'S PHONE TAPPED FOR MONTHS.. WE'VE GOT A PHONOGRAPH RECORD OF HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO YOU.. YOU'RE GOING TO BURN, WISE GUY..



I HAD A TRIAL.. BUT I KNEW WHAT THE VERDICT WOULD BE, BEFORE IT STARTED..



"YOUR HONOR, WE THE JURY FIND THE DEFENDANT-GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!"

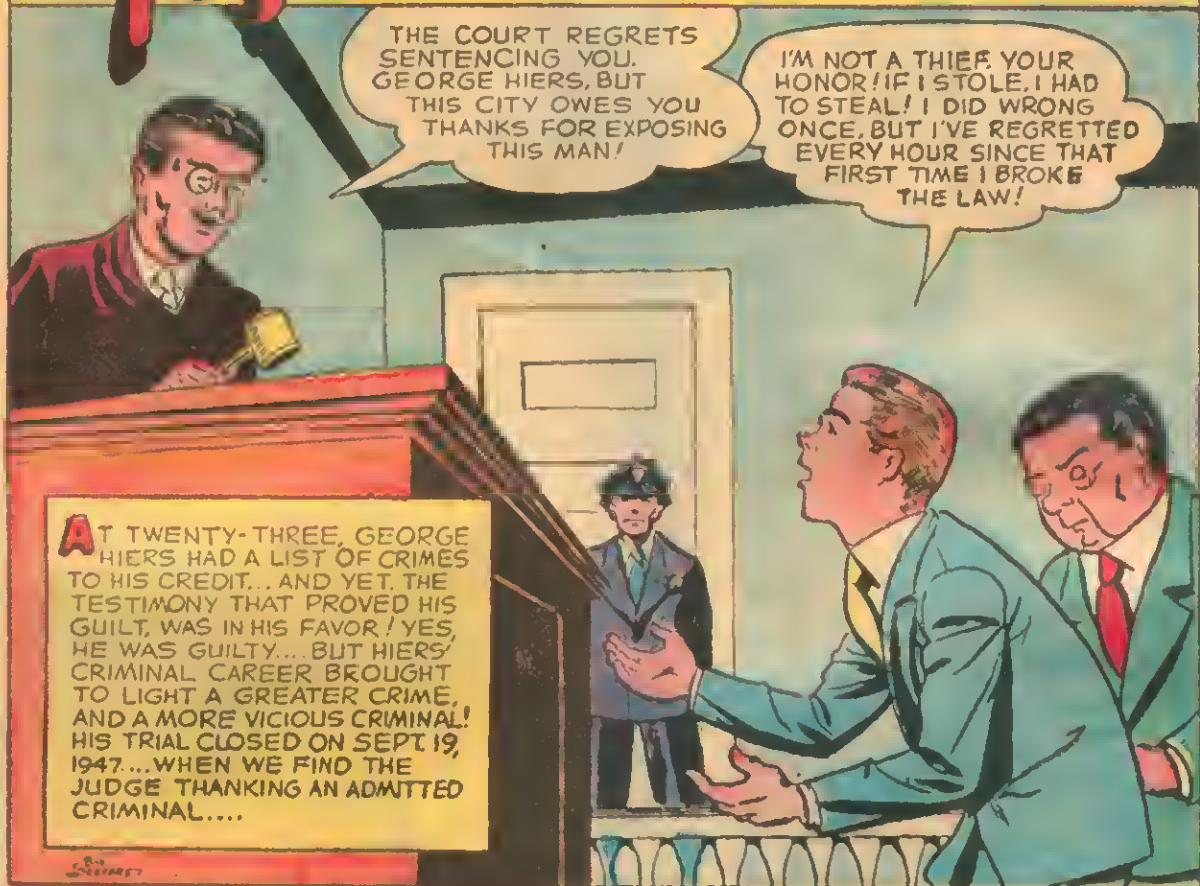
WELL, IT SEEMED LIKE IT WAS A CENTURY AGO.. TOMORROW, I'M GOING OUT OF HERE.. YOU WONDER-HOW?...



TONIGHT, I GO TO THE CHAIR... THAT'S HOW.. AND TOMORROW I GO OUT... IN A LONG PINE BOX!! THE LAST MILE FOR THIS **LAWBREAKER!**



# THEY *Made* ME STEAL!



**A**T TWENTY-THREE, GEORGE HIERS HAD A LIST OF CRIMES TO HIS CREDIT... AND YET, THE TESTIMONY THAT PROVED HIS GUILT, WAS IN HIS FAVOR! YES, HE WAS GUILTY... BUT HIERS' CRIMINAL CAREER BROUGHT TO LIGHT A GREATER CRIME, AND A MORE VICIOUS CRIMINAL! HIS TRIAL CLOSED ON SEPT. 19, 1947... WHEN WE FIND THE JUDGE THANKING AN ADMITTED CRIMINAL....

**I** WAS TWENTY AT THE TIME... A COUPLE OF US DECIDED THAT A RIDE IN AN AUTO WOULD BE FUN... EVEN THOUGH NONE OF US HAD A CAR! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL, EXACTLY....

WE'RE IN LUCK! SOME DOPE LEFT HIS KEYS IN THE CAR... I'LL DRIVE!

I HOPE WE DON'T GET IN TROUBLE FOR THIS!



**I** WASN'T DRIVING, BUT I SHARED THE BLAME FOR WHAT HAPPENED NEXT! WE WERE DOING SIXTY-FIVE GOING THROUGH TOWN! NO ONE SAW THE WOMAN STEP OFF THE CURB....

NO!  
EEEEEEEE

LOOK OUT FOR THAT WOMAN!





ALL OF US WERE CHARGED WITH GRAND LARCENY AND SECOND DEGREE MURDER LAUGHTER... AND WE KNOW WE DESERVED IT!

A CHILDISH PRANK HAS RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF A WOMAN! NONE OF YOU HAVE RECORDS SO I SENTENCE YOU TO TWO AND ONE HALF TO FIVE YEARS IN STATE PRISON!

IT'S BETTER THAN WE DESERVE! I WAS A FOOL TO DO IT!

YOU WERE ALWAYS A GOOD BOY, GEORGE! DON'T LET THEM CHANGE YOU IN PRISON!

I PROMISE YOU, MOTHER! I'LL BE OUT SOON!

I KEPT MY WORD... DESPITE THE WORDS OF HABITUAL CRIMINALS WHO I MET IN PRISON!

WE COULD USE A HUSKY YOUNG GUY LIKE YOU, HIERS! THROW IN WITH US WHEN YOU GET OUT!

I TOLD YOU FELLOWS... I'M NOT A THIEF! I'M IN HERE BECAUSE I WAS STUPID, AND DID SOMETHING WRONG!

ME TOO... I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO GET CAUGHT!

I HATE PRISON MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD! I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING WRONG AGAIN! I'M GETTING OUT SOON, AND I'LL STAY OUT!

THAT'S A LAUGH! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'LL BE UP AGAINST WHEN YOU GO ON PAROLE. I COME FROM YOUR TOWN... I KNOW!

PRISONER 8739003 REPORTING, SIR!

YOU CAN FORGET THAT NUMBER, HIERS! YOU WILL BE RELEASED ON PAROLE TODAY! THIS IS MR. COFFEE, YOUR PAROLE OFFICER!

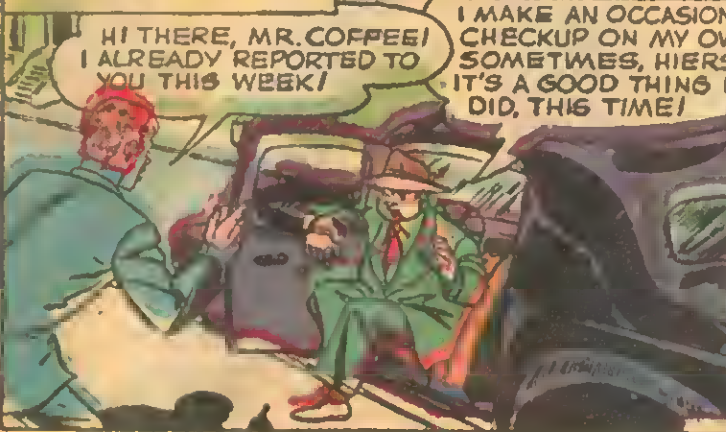
WE'LL GET ALONG FINE, HIERS! I CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKIN' AT YOU, THAT YOU'RE A NICE YOUNG FELLA!

I WON'T GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE MR. COFFEE! I'LL DO ANYTHING NOT TO COME BACK TO THIS PLACE!

THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR A MAN TALK, HIERS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIERS, WARDEN... GOOD CARE!

GEORGE HIERS WAS PAROLED ON APRIL 2, 1947. HE WAS FIRST CALLED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE, TO MEET HIS PAROLE OFFICER...

**G**EORGE HIERS HAD BEEN WELL LIKED BEFORE HE WENT TO PRISON AND HE FOUND A JOB EASILY ENOUGH! TWO MONTHS WENT BY AND HE BEGAN TO RECOVER FROM THE MENTAL SCARS OF PRISON LIFE!



HI THERE, MR. COFFEE! I ALREADY REPORTED TO YOU THIS WEEK!

I MAKE AN OCCASIONAL CHECKUP ON MY OWN SOMETIMES, HIERS! IT'S A GOOD THING I DID, THIS TIME!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GUN?

DON'T GIVE ME THAT STUFF, HIERS! I FOUND THE GUN IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF YOUR CAR. YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?

**H**IERS WAS PUZZLED....BUT HE HAD AN INKLING OF WHAT WAS TO COME WHEN HE LOOKED INTO COFFEE'S EYES!

YOU'LL GO BACK TO PRISON, HIERS... UNLESS YOU SUCCEED IN EXPLAINING THIS! BE AT HOME AT EIGHT THIRTY, TONIGHT!

THAT'S NOT MY GUN, MR. COFFEE! I'LL BE HOME BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG, I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY!



MR. COFFEE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THIS, HIERS, BUT IF I HAD TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, YOU MIGHT NOT GO BACK TO PRISON!

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY! SO THAT'S WHAT COFFEE WAS UP TO WHEN HE PLANTED THAT GUN IN MY CAR!

DON'T GO MAKIN' ANY ACCUSATIONS, HIERS! GET THAT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BY DAY AFTER TOMORROW OR GO BACK TO JAIL!

I'LL LET COFFEE KNOW! I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

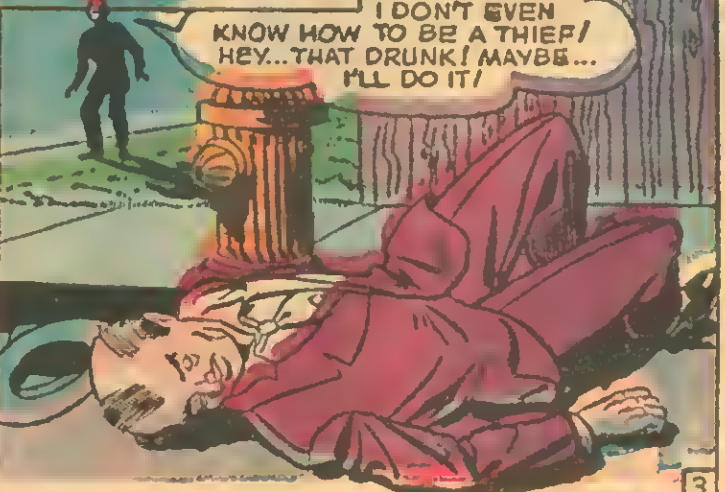


**H**IERS WALKED THE STREET FOR HOURS THAT NIGHT... DETERMINED NOT TO BECOME A THIEF, BUT EQUALLY DETERMINED NOT TO GO TO PRISON!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO BE A THIEF! HEY... THAT DRUNK! MAYBE... I'LL DO IT!





**H**IER'S BROKE UNDER PRES-  
SURE...THE UNFORTUNATE  
VICTIM HAD MORE THAN  
THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
IN HIS POCKET!

THREE HUNDRED AND  
FIFTEEN DOLLARS! I CAN  
PAY OFF COFFEE, AND  
HAVE SIXTY-FIVE LEFT FOR  
MYSELF! IF COFFEE WANTS  
ME TO BE A THIEF, I'LL BE A  
PROSPEROUS ONE, ANYHOW!



HERE'S YOUR  
BRIBE, COFFEE  
BUT IT'S THE  
LAST TIME  
I'LL DO IT  
FOR YOU!  
THAT WAS  
THE FIRST  
TIME I EVER  
STOLE  
ANYTHING!

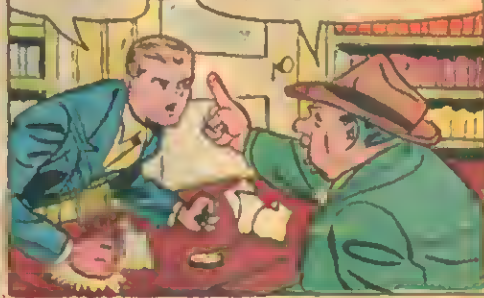
BUT NOT THE  
LAST, HIER'S!  
I'LL GET IN  
TOUCH WITH  
YOU, IF I  
NEED  
ANYTHING!



**C**OFFEE CONTACTED HIER'S AGAIN  
ON APRIL 26, 1947...THIS TIME  
HE WANTED TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

I WON'T DO  
IT, COFFEE! I  
HAVEN'T SLEPT  
A WINK SINCE  
I TOOK THAT  
CHARACTER'S  
MONEY!

YOU'LL DO EXACTLY  
AS I SAY, HIER'S!  
YOU'D GO UP FOR  
TWENTY YEARS IF  
I TURNED YOU IN!  
GET ME THE DOUGH,  
AND GET IT FAST!



HERE'S A ROD IN  
CASE YOU NEED IT!  
YOU WON'T ALWAYS  
BE AS LUCKY AS YOU  
WERE THE LAST  
TIME!

I OUGHT TO USE  
IT ON YOU,  
COFFEE! IF  
THERE WAS A  
WAY TO KILL  
YOU, AND GET  
AWAY WITH IT,  
YOU'D BE DEAD  
RIGHT NOW!



**H**IER'S LOOKED AROUND...  
THEN ON THE NIGHT  
OF APRIL 27, 1947....

HE'S GOT AT LEAST  
FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLARS IN THERE...  
IN A MINUTE I'LL

KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND  
HE'LL BE SO HUNGRY FOR  
BUSINESS, I'LL GET INSIDE!



**P**E! **P**E!  
I WAS JUST GOING  
TO... ALL RIGHT,  
MISTER, DON'T  
SHOOT!

JUST KEEP QUIET,  
POP, AND YOU WON'T  
GET HURT!

THAT'S ALL!  
I HAVE,  
MISTER!  
DON'T SHOOT!  
PLEASE!

OKAY, MAC, JUST  
KEEP QUIET FOR TEN  
MINUTES AFTER I  
LEAVE! I MIGHT  
WAIT AROUND TO  
SEE IF YOU TRY TO  
CALL THE COPPERS!



**H**IERS QUIT HIS JOB... HE HAD TO MEET COFFEE'S DEMANDS FOR MONEY! THE GAS STATION WAS HIS SEVENTH JOB IN THREE WEEKS... AND THE FIRST THAT BROUGHT HIM TROUBLE!



THE MONEY'S IN THE REGISTER, MISTER! GET IT YOURSELF!

DON'T GIVE ME LIP, JACK! JUST STAND STILL, I'LL COLLECT IT!

IT'S A HOLD-UP JIMMY, GET 'IM!

DROP THAT GUN!

COPPER! I'M IN TOO DEEP TO QUIT NOW!



I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU! DROP THE GUN!

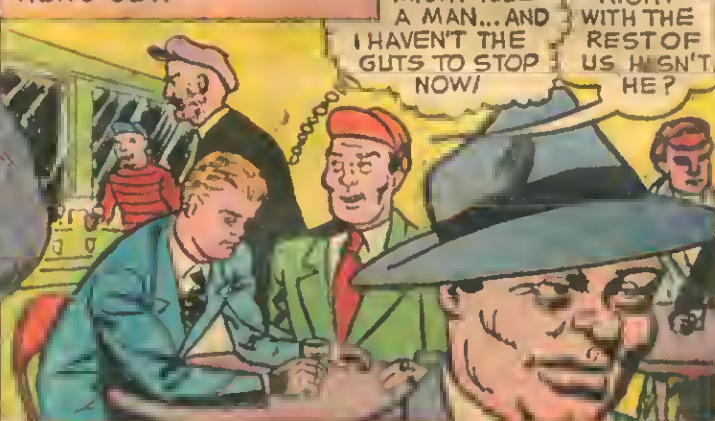
I'M HIT! DON'T SHOOT!

**BANG**

**H**IERS TOOK TO DRINKING THEN... AND NATURALLY GRAVITATED TO HAUNTS WHERE MEN LIKE HIM HUNG OUT!

HE'S MADE ME LIKE THE REST OF THEM NOW! NEXT TIME I MIGHT KILL A MAN... AND I HAVEN'T THE GUTS TO STOP NOW!

I WARNED YA, HIERS! COFFEE HAS YA RIGHT WITH THE REST OF US. HESN'T HE?



I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN NOW, PAL! COFFEE PUTS THE SQUEEZE ON EVERY EX-CON IN THIS DISTRICT! ARE ALL THE PAROLE OFFICERS THE SAME WAY?

NAH... MOST OF THEM ARE SQUARE, AND TRY TO HELP! IF THE PAROLE BOARD KNEW ABOUT COFFEE, THEY'D LOCK 'IM UP AND THROW THE KEY AWAY!



I WAS A DECENT KID WHEN HE STARTED ON ME! HE MAY SEND ME UP, BUT I'LL GET THAT GUY IF I GO UP FOR LIFE MYSELF!

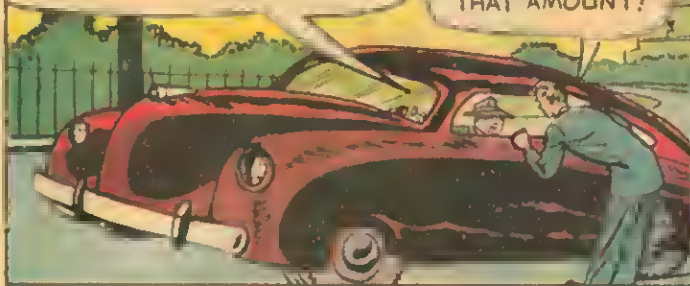
GOOD LUCK TO YUH, HIERS! I WOULDN'T GO STRAIGHT MYSELF, BUT I KNOW YOU TRIED TO BE DECENT!



**H**IERS HATED THE LIFE HE HAD BEEN FORCED INTO, BITTERLY! EACH TIME COFFEE MADE A NEW DEMAND, HIS HATRED FOR THE ROTTEN PAROLE OFFICER GREW! TWO WEEKS LATER, HE MADE HIS MOVE....

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE CAR, HIERS? YOU AND SOME OTHER EX-CONS HELPED ME TO GET IT! INCIDENTALLY... I NEED FIVE HUNDRED RIGHT AWAY!

ALL RIGHT, COFFEE, YOU'LL GET IT! I HAVE A SWEET JOB LINED UP THAT MIGHT MAKE YOU TEN TIMES THAT AMOUNT!



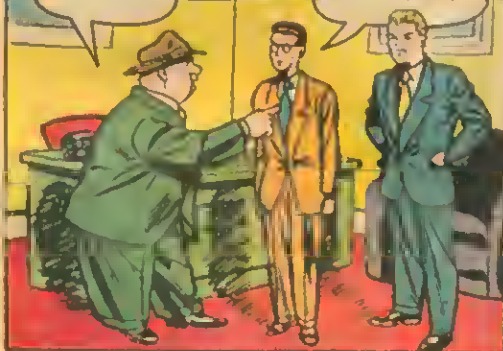
I NEED A DRIVER FOR THIS JOB... THERE'S MORE THAN TWENTY GRAND IN IT FOR US IF WE CAN PULL IT OFF! BUT I NEED A MAN!

I HAVE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB! I'M ON MY WAY TO SEE HIM RIGHT NOW! HE'S OUT ON PAROLE A WEEK!



YOU'RE ON MY LIST AS AN EX-BANK ROBBER! UNLESS YOU GO ON THE JOB WITH HIERS, WE'LL BOTH SWEAR YOU WERE CARRYING A GUN!

I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE, MR. COFFEE... BESIDES, I COULD USE SOME EXTRA CASH! WHAT'S TH' PITCH?



WE'LL KNOCK OFF THE PLACE JUST ABOUT MIDNIGHT! WE'LL GET THE DOUGH, AND MEET COFFEE AT HIS PLACE TO SPLIT THE LOOT!

AS LONG AS THERE'S DOUGH IN IT, I'M WITH YUH!

I'LL BE WAITING, HIERS! YOU KNOW WHERE MY APARTMENT IS!



**H**AD HIERS GRADUATED TO BIG JOBS?.... OR HAD HIS BURNING HATRED FOR COFFEE BORNE FRUIT? LATER, THAT NIGHT .....

WE'RE ALL SET, AL... THEY'RE READY ON THE OTHER END!

I HOPE IT WORKS, HIERS! WE'VE GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE ON THIS JOB!



HOW'D IT COME OFF? DID ANYONE FOLLOW YOU HERE?

WE HAVE IT RIGHT HERE, COFFEE! WE'RE IN THE MONEY!





LESTER COFFEE BLABBED ON... NAMING NAMES AND DATES, AMOUNTS AND WHERE THE MONEY WENT! TOO LATE, HE REALIZED THE TRAP...

I OWN APARTMENT HOUSES AND OTHER REAL ESTATE TOO! I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE BEFORE... IS ANYONE ELSE HERE? YOU TWO HAVE BEEN MAKING ME TALK!

YOU KEEP YOUR BRAINS IN YOUR BANK BOOK, COFFEE! YOU'RE HOOKED!



HOOKED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY DOING HERE?

IT WAS A PLANT, COFFEE! EVERY WORD YOU SAID IS ON A DICTAPHONE RECORD! THE D.A. WORKED OUT THE PLAN... ALONG WITH STATE INVESTIGATOR AL DAVIS, MY "ACCOMPLICE," HERE!



THIS MARKED MONEY IS ALL THE PROOF I NEEDED, COFFEE! THANKS TO GEORGE HIERS, THE NASTIEST RACKET I EVER HEARD OF IS BROKEN UP!

I KNEW HE WAS A WRONG GUY!



GEORGE HIERS APPEARED IN COURT ONCE MORE... THE OCCASION: WHEN JUDGE CROFFORD SENTENCED HIM, AT THE SAME TIME CONGRATULATING HIM FOR TURNING IN LESTER COFFEE!

SO THAT'S HOW HIERS GOT TO BE A CROOK! I DIDN'T PRESS CHARGES SO HE GOT A LIGHT SENTENCE, EVEN THOUGH HE SHOT ME! HE'LL BE OUT IN A COUPLE OF YEARS.. THIS TIME TO STAY!





# The Dog's Name Was Lightning!

It was quiet in the hospital prison ward, quiet except for the heavy breathing of the man who lay dying on the bed. The breathing and the creaking of the chair each time the guard shifted his position were the only sounds.

The guard rose to his feet and looked at the man on the bed. The cruel face was twisted in pain, the evil eyes glinted in the half light of the bed lamp.

The guard leaned close to the man and said, "The jig is up . . . you aren't going to do any more killing, Morrison."

Morrison slowly turned his head until his eyes met the guard's. His tongue licked his parched lips and he croaked, "The dog . . . what was his name?"

"What difference does that make?" asked the guard.

"Water . . . get me some water . . ." the dying man whispered.

With long strides, the guard crossed the room, took a paper cup and filled it from the cooler. He brought it to the bedside and then lifted the man so that he could drink.

The man, Morrison, lay back on the pillows, and his eyes fixed themselves at the ceiling. The guard walked to the window and looked out over the city. A flash of lightning cut the sky. Thunder rumbled. The first rain fell.

With a muffled oath the guard turned away from the window and sat down.

"Is . . . is it raining?" asked Morrison without turning his head.

"Yeah".

"Did I hear thunder?"

"Yeah".

The dying man struggled to sit erect. His breath came in great sobs.

"Lay down, Morrison!" said the guard. "It can't hurt you in here. You're all right."

"No!! No!! No!!" shrieked Morrison, "I . . . know . . . what it means when there's thunder." His struggles to sit up became more violent and his breathing more labored.

The guard stepped to the door and opened it. He signalled the nurse at the end of the hall. She came quickly.

"Morrison's blowing his top," the guard said.

"Again?" she asked, her brow furrowing. "Why is he taking so long to die anyway?"

"I don't know. Some guys can live with a dozen slugs in them. He only has two. But then there's the dog, that doesn't help."

"Funny how it worked out, isn't it, officer?"

"Yeah. But that's life—or death. I honestly feel sornier for the dog than for that guy in there".

"Well—the dog was rabid. But he died quickly . . ."

"And if it wasn't for the dog — we'd never have caught him . . . listen to him yell, will you?"

"I'll give him a hypo. That ought to shut him up," said the nurse.

Morrison was twisting and tossing on the bed. Through the open curtain of the window, the jagged streaks of lightning could be seen cutting the sky more frequently. Loud claps of thunder rolled over the clouds. It was raining hard.

The nurse quickly and efficiently filled a hypodermic needle, tested it, and then leaned over the bed. Morrison's eyes were closed and his hands were clenching and opening on the blanket.

He whispered, "Pull the curtains, Nurse, I don't want to see it. I don't have to see it. Not when I'm like this."

"First, I'll give you this. You'll feel better," the nurse said.

Morrison suddenly sat up in bed. His eyes, closed a moment before, were open now. They danced madly. He swung his arm in a back-handed sweep. It caught the nurse full on the mouth. She staggered back, a trickle of blood coming from her cut lip.

"No you don't — no you don't!" He shouted. "I can see it! It's coming after me . . . there . . . it's there . . . streaking into the room . . . burning and burning and burning!"

Another streak of lightning cut the sky. The thunder clap which followed made the water cooler tremble slightly. A heavy gust of rain beat against the window.

The nurse recovered, and the guard stepped back into the room.

"What happened?"

"He's off his head, grab him so I can give him this needle."

The guard seized Morrison's shoulders and forced the man back on the pillows.

Morrison was whimpering. "I can see it. It will come here. Please . . . please . . . the dog! What was the dog's name? Please . . ."

The nurse worked quickly. In a few seconds the job was done. She went to the window and pulled the curtain over it. Now only the thunder could be heard in the room.

The guard took out a cigarette, and offered one to the nurse. She shook her head. The dying man was groaning softly. A match flared as the guard lit his cigarette. The water cooler swayed under another thunder peal.

The guard took a long drag on the cigarette, and watched the blue smoke swirl up to the ceiling. He smiled at the nurse.

"You better get something for your lip."

"It's all right. I'm tough. But he did hit me an awful wallop. I almost went out."

"Yeah. Morrison is a strong guy. Mean too. You should have seen him when we captured him."

"No, thanks. Were you there?"

"Was I there? Those slugs he's carrying in his ribs are from my .38."

"You mean you shot him? I never met a man who shot anyone before. How did it feel?"

"Hleck, nurse . . . I was a machine gunner in the war. I shot more Jerries than I can count. It doesn't feel like anything. When I was a soldier it was my business to shoot Jerries. Now I'm a cop — it's my business to shoot criminals when they get nasty. Morrison got nasty."

"He's a queer case. What's he afraid of outside? Why did he want me to pull the curtain?"

"Oh—then you don't know about Morrison and his superstition?"

"No. Please tell me."

Both of them looked at Morrison, who was lying on his back, breathing deeply, his eyes closed. Apparently he was sleeping.

"Well, this guy on the bed is quite a character. He's one of the worst thugs we've ever had to deal with. His record is as long as your arm. During the days of prohibition, Morrison was a hireling for the toughest beer barons. He worked with Capone, Schultz, Diamond, Higgins and all the big boys. Morrison didn't care much who he had to rub out if he was paid well for doing it."

"Nice boy".

"Yeah, but you haven't heard anything yet". The guard took a last drag on the cigarette and then ground it out in the ash tray. "You know, Morrison was born here — right on the East Side. It seems that during the '20's, when he was at the top of his killing career, he gets a yen to see his mother. By then, she's an old woman. So Morrison comes back to the old neighborhood, finds out where his mother is living and goes there."

"I'll bet his mother didn't even know him."

"Something like that. The poor old lady is almost blind anyway. He finds her in this

dingy, filthy tenement flat, living all alone, in misery and poverty. Well, our boy wants to do something for his mother. He offers to take her out of the slums and make her last years more comfortable. But the old lady has heard about her son, and how he makes his money. Like I said, she's very old and feeble. But she turns her blind eyes on him, and says, 'You're no son of mine. You're a criminal. May you be struck dead by lightning.' Theo she keels over on her face—and it's curtains for the old woman. Her ticker stopped."

"Well, this sounds like a Boris Karloff movie."

"Wait, that's not all. Morrison runs out of the flat and from then on he's scared stiff of lightning. He has lightning arresters all over his car. His house is specially insulated. He makes sure that there are no metallic objects near him. During an electrical storm he stands in the center of the room on a rubber mat. All kinds of stuff like that to avoid getting struck by lightning."

"No wonder he didn't want to see the lightning through the window."

"Sure — but lightning did get him . . . that's why he's here."

"What do you mean?"

"This last fur warehouse job he pulled was his finish. You read about it in the papers, how he shot the watchman, and how the watchman's dog bit him a couple of times before he got away. Well, there was a gunfight at the warehouse, and the other guys with him were killed. But Morrison managed to hide out."

"I know the rest. The dog was suffering from rabies and Morrison became infected. Then the police trapped him in that apartment and . . ."

"We got him. He was pretty sick with the first stages of hydrophobia from the dog, but not too sick to put up a fight. When we broke in he was lying on a cot. I was first through the door. He reached under his pillow for a pistol, and I let him have two slugs in the ribs."

"So now he's lying there dying. Still — his mother's curse never worked out, did it?"

"That's what you think. Look — if he wasn't dying from the hydrophobia, the slugs would have made him cash in his chips, am I right?"

"Sure. Either one is enough to kill him. The bullets touched his lung. Eventually he would have died as a result of wounds."

"His mother's curse worked out perfectly. The dog that bit him was named *LIGHTNING*. My nickname on the force is *LIGHTNING*."



# "PERFECT CRIME"

# BACKFIRES

HOW 'PERFECT' CAN A CRIME BE... THIS ONE... A TRUE CASE... WAS COMMITTED BY A CLEVER LAWYER, EX-POLICEMAN, A PLANNER, YET WITH ALL HIS CUNNING, HE FAILED AS MISERABLY AS THE LOWEST CRIMINAL!

[ADAPTED FROM CRIME ARCHIVES]



BOB FORGIONE

THE OFFICE OF FRANK J. BEGGEN, FAMOUS LAWYER, FORMER POLICEMAN, AND A PUBLIC FIGURE...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE CASE MR. MORAN—WE'LL WIN IT!

WITH YOUR REPUTATION, WE KNOW YOU WILL.



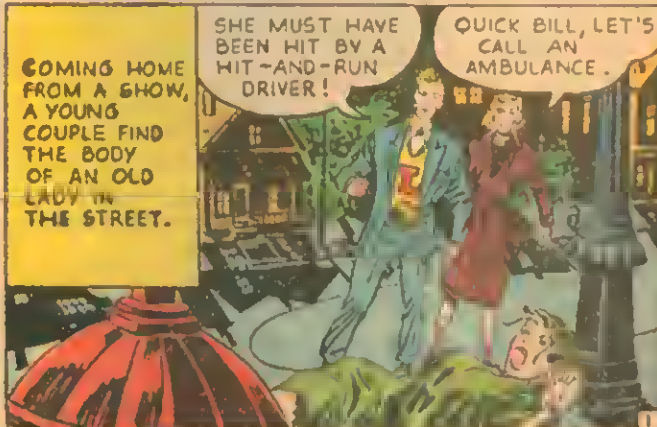
WHO WOULD THINK THAT THIS DISTINGUISHED PERSON, WITH MANY THINGS IN HIS FAVOR—A LAWYER, A BUSINESS MAN, A DEFENDER OF THE PEOPLE, WOULD WANT TO TRY "THE PERFECT CRIME"?

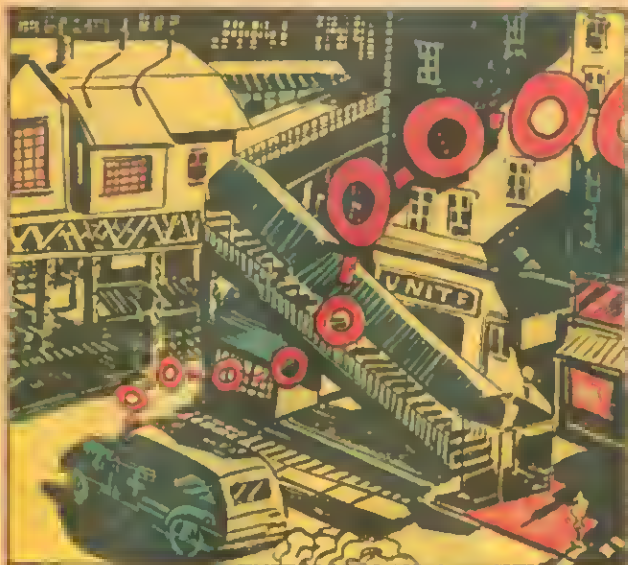


COMING HOME FROM A SHOW, A YOUNG COUPLE FIND THE BODY OF AN OLD LADY IN THE STREET.

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN HIT BY A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER!

QUICK BILL, LET'S CALL AN AMBULANCE.

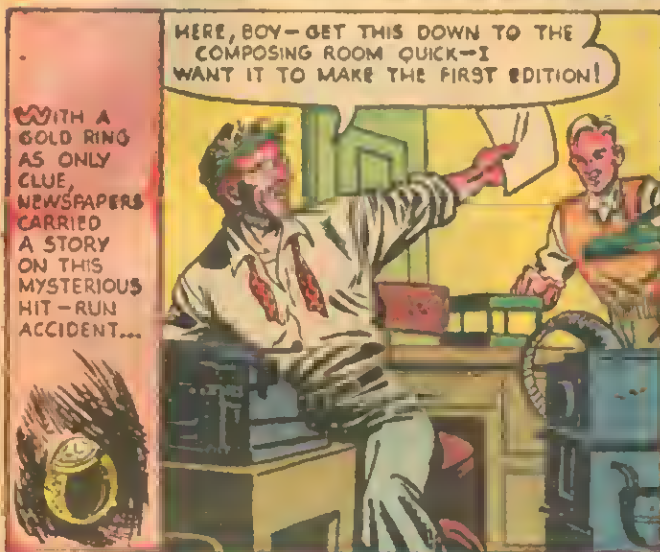




SHE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT. ANY IDENTIFICATION?

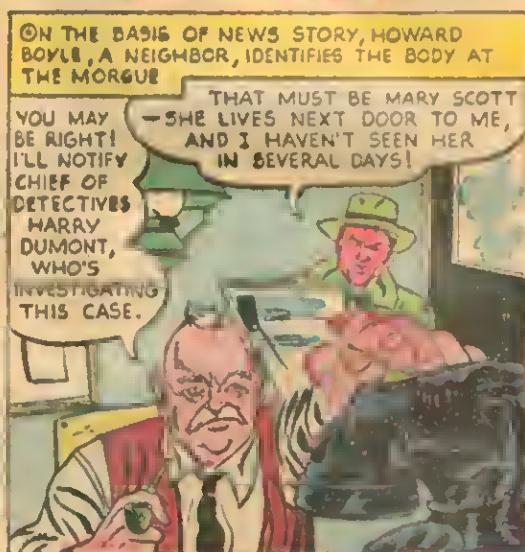
SHE HAS A GOLD RING ON HER FINGER—

SHE WAS RUN OVER,—SEE THE MARKS ON HER SWEATER?



HERE, BOY—GET THIS DOWN TO THE COMPOSING ROOM QUICK—I WANT IT TO MAKE THE FIRST EDITION!

WITH A GOLD RING AS ONLY CLUE, NEWSPAPERS CARRIED A STORY ON THIS MYSTERIOUS HIT—RUN ACCIDENT...



ON THE BASIS OF NEWS STORY, HOWARD BOYLE, A NEIGHBOR, IDENTIFIES THE BODY AT THE MORGUE

YOU MAY BE RIGHT! I'LL NOTIFY CHIEF OF DETECTIVES HARRY DUMONT, WHO'S INVESTIGATING THIS CASE.

THAT MUST BE MARY SCOTT —SHE LIVES NEXT DOOR TO ME, AND I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN SEVERAL DAYS!



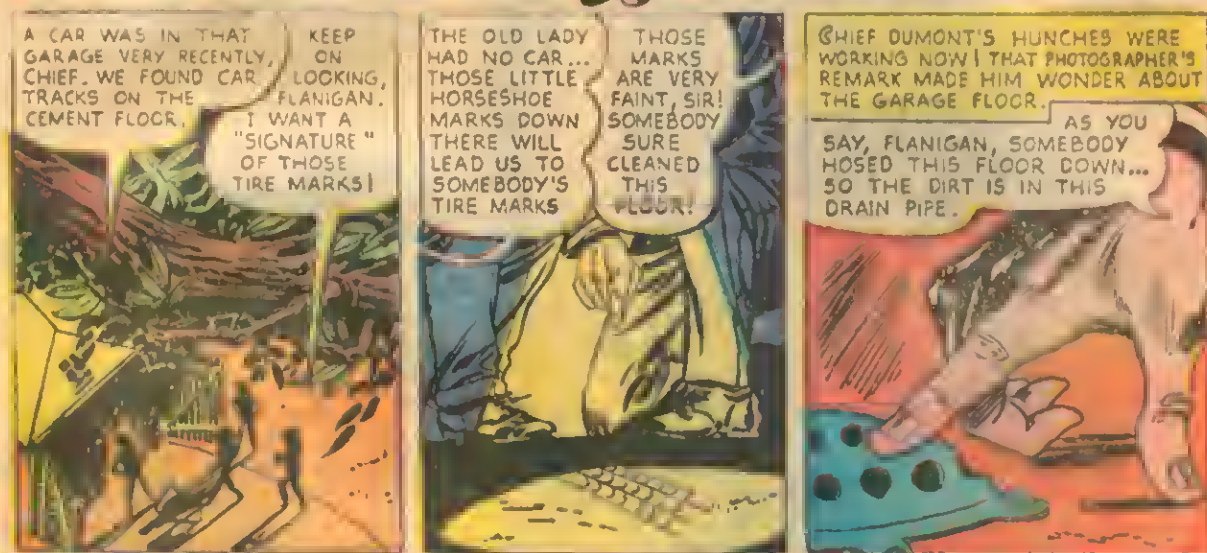
THANKS, PEARSON! MAYBE WE'LL BE ABLE TO TRACE THE HIT—RUN DRIVER, AND BRING HIM TO JUSTICE!

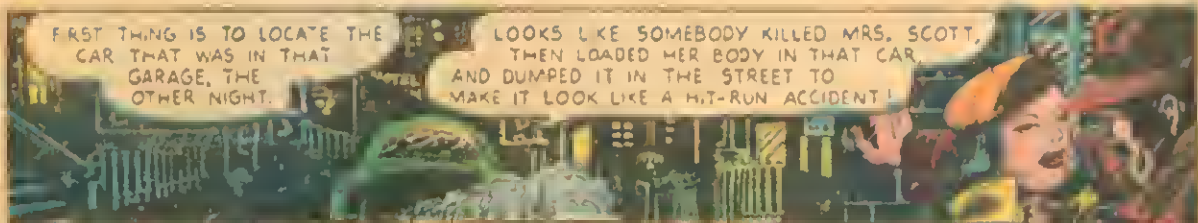
CHIEF OF DETECTIVES DUMONT STARTED HIS INVESTIGATION WITH A VISIT TO THE VICTIM'S HOUSE.



FUNNY THING, CHIEF—LOOK, SHE'S GOT A GARAGE, BUT NO CAR!







FIRST THING IS TO LOCATE THE CAR THAT WAS IN THAT GARAGE, THE OTHER NIGHT.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY KILLED MRS. SCOTT, THEN LOADED HER BODY IN THAT CAR, AND DUMPED IT IN THE STREET TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A HIT-RUN ACCIDENT!



I'LL TRY ANOTHER HUNCH, FIRST. DIDN'T THE NEIGHBORS SAY OLD LADY SCOTT HAD SOME MONEY HIDDEN AWAY?

ALL I HEARD WAS THAT BERGEN, THAT FAMOUS LAWYER, HANDLED HER AFFAIRS!



BADLYER BERGEN SAW FIT TO PAY CHIEF DUMONT A VISIT.

YOU SAY YOU WERE AT A FIGHT THAT NIGHT, BERGEN? I'M GOING TO CHECK UP ON YOU!

YOU KNOW MY REPUTATION, DUMONT—DON'T BE A FOOL!



MR. BERGEN HAS MANY DEBTS, SIR, AND IT WOULD SEEM FROM MRS. SCOTT'S ACCOUNT, THAT HE INVESTED HER MONEY BADLY!

HUM! MY MUNCH TELLS ME THAT BERGEN KNOWS MORE THAN HE'S TELLING!



BUT CHIEF, WHY ARE YOU HAVING ME SEND OUT THIS BROADCAST TO PICK UP THESE TWO MEN—THAT WILL TIP BERGEN OFF!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO FIND OUT. ONE OF THEM, THIS BERT MORAN WAS A CONVICT THAT BERGEN GOT SET FREE, AND HE NOW OWES HIS CAR!



THE OTHER MAN IS RONALD VERNE, ANOTHER UNDERWORLD PAL OF BERGEN—BOTH ARE PARDLED CONVICTS.

HERE GOES, CHIEF, IF YOU SAY SO!



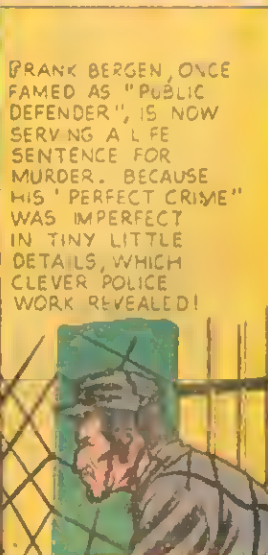
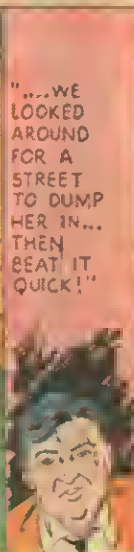
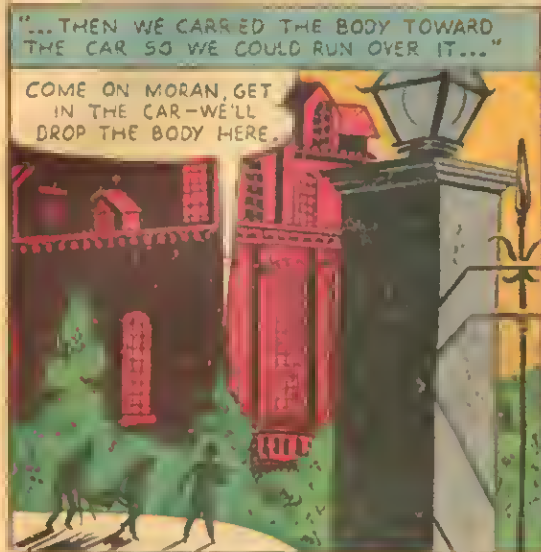
MEANWHILE, AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT! THE WANTED CAR "TURNS UP!"

YOUR CAR, LT. LESTER? EXPLAIN THIS AT ONCE, SIR!

I LOANED MY CAR TO MORAN, CHIEF, AND HE JUST RETURNED IT TO ME!









# MURDER by DYNAMITE

**M**ANY AND STRANGE ARE THE TALES THAT COME OUT OF THE NORTHWEST ABOUT THE "MOUNTIES"... WITH DOGGED DETERMINATION THEY TRAIL CRIMINALS WHO WOULD RUN INTO THE WILDERNESS TO COVER THEIR TRACKS... NEITHER DYNAMITE, NOR FIRE CAN STOP THE MOUNTIES FROM "GETTING THEIR MAN"...



YEA---IT'LL LOOK NATURAL-LIKE!!---  
SO LONG, SUCKER!

LET'S BLOW, JOE...  
NOBODY'LL KNOW THIS REDCOAT AFTER HE'S COOKED!

**I**N THE FAR NORTH TIMBERLANDS OF CANADA...

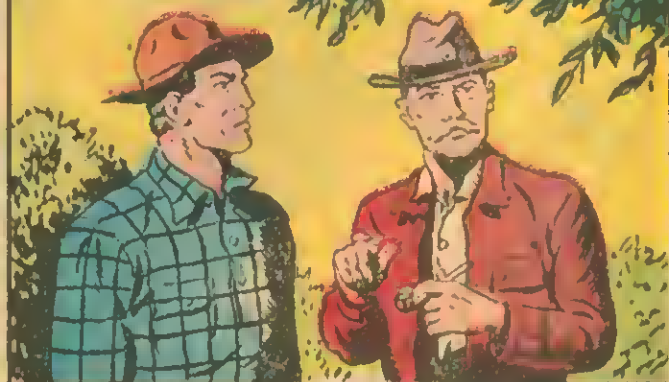
THERE IT GOES AGAIN, HATCHET... MORE OF THAT MYSTERIOUS BLASTING!

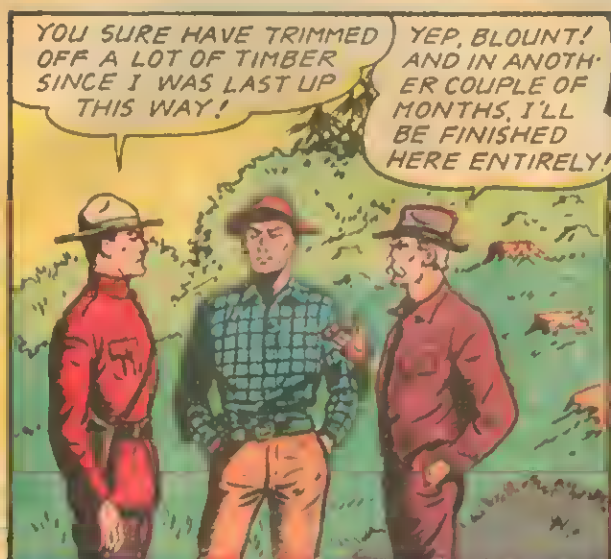
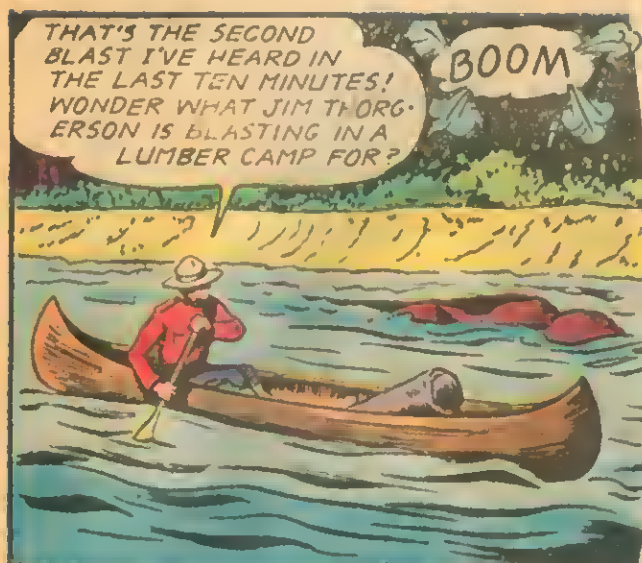
**BOOM!**

IT'S THAT STRANGER WE SAW ABOUT A WEEK AGO, I TELL YOU!

IT'S GOT ME BEAT, JIM! DUNNO WHY ANYBODY SHOULD BE BLASTING IN THESE PARTS!

A VISITOR COMIN' DOWN-RIVER... BLOUNT OF THE MOUNTIES, IF MY EYES AREN'T PLAYING TRICKS!









LOOKS AS IF THIS STRANGER  
HAS BLASTED HERE A COUPLE  
OF TIMES...BUT WHY?

WATCH  
YOURSELF BLOUNT!  
DON'T SET OFF  
ANY DYNAMITE!

IT. IT'S A CORPSE!

AND HE'S BEEN  
DEAD FOR SOME  
TIME!

WHAT?

NOW I KNOW WE GOT TO  
CATCH THE BLASTER..BET  
ANY MONEY HE COULD ANSWER  
A LOT OF QUESTIONS!

A DEAD MAN?

THE STRANGER WE  
THOUGHT WAS DOING  
THE BLASTING, BLOUNT!

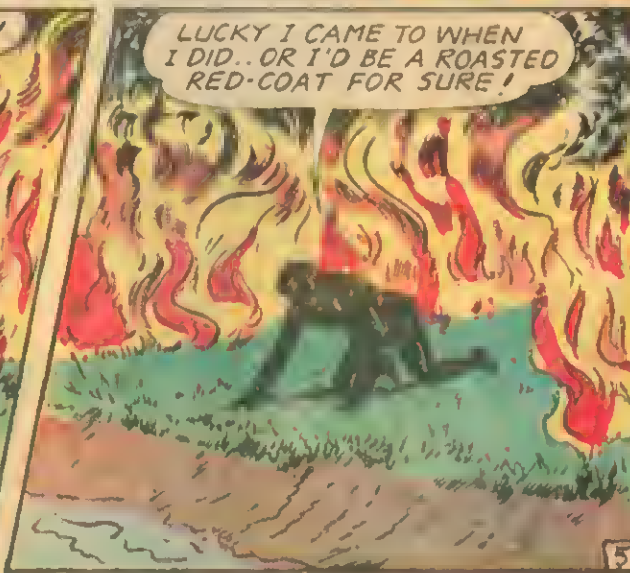
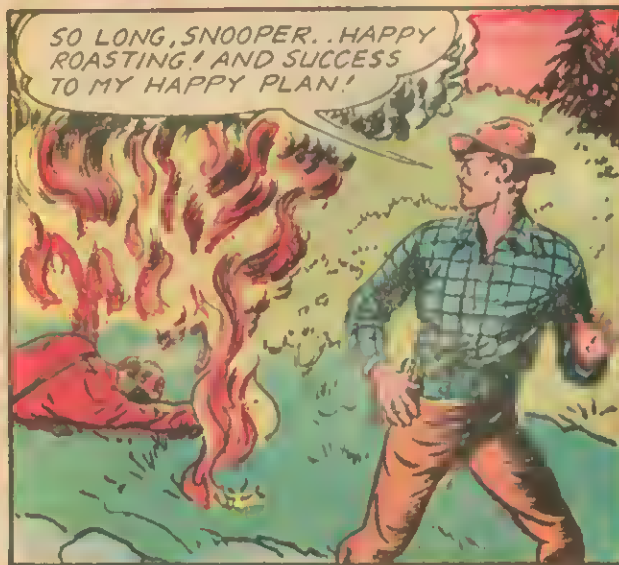
HMMM...

OF ALL THINGS.....  
A SEISMOGRAPHIC CHART!  
SOMEBODY SEEMS TO BE  
A RATHER EXPERT  
GEOLOGIST!

LOOKS LIKE I HAPPENED  
ONTO SOMETHING MORE  
THAN A PLAIN DYN-  
AMITE MYSTERY..UH.  
WHAT'S THIS?







BACK TO THORGENSON'S LUMBER CAMP! I'LL BET ANY MONEY MY MAN IS THERE RIGHT NOW, TRYING TO COMPLETE HIS PLANS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LUMBER COMPANY ..

NO USE TRYING TO SAVE THE REST OF THAT TIMBER, JIM! BUT A FRIEND OF MINE AND I WOULD LIKE TO BUY UP THE LAND FOR TRAPPING... CHEAP... OF COURSE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, HATCHET, BUT IT SOUNDS PHONEY TO ME!

OH, YEAH... WELL, YOU SELL YOUR LAND OR ELSE...

JIM ISN'T GOING TO SELL YOU HIS LAND AT ANY PRICE, MURDERER!

WHAT...  
UH...

MIGHT AS WELL OWN UP, HATCHET! YOU LEARNED THAT THE STRANGER WAS AN OIL PROSPECTOR, AND MURDERED HIM BEFORE HE COULD MAKE JIM A FAIR OFFER!

AND THEN, AFTER THIS PAL OF YOURS WAS SURE, BECAUSE OF THE SEISMO-GRAPHIC REACTIONS TO HIS BLASTING, THAT THERE WAS OIL ON THE LAND, YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD BUY UP THE DEFORESTED TIMBERLAND CHEAP!

SURE LUCKY YOU CAME ALONG WHEN YOU DID, MR. BLOUNT!

SURE LUCKY I GOT OUT OF THAT FOREST WHEN I DID, OR I'D BE THE LATE MR. BLOUNT!



# DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY



**D**EATH TAKES NO HOLIDAY WHEN F.B.I. BULLETS PIERCE THE BODY OF A FAMED KILLER! EXPOSED BY A MAN HE CRIPPLED MANY YEARS BEFORE, THE KILLER PROVES THAT THOSE WHO LIVE BY VIOLENCE SHALL DIE BY VIOLENCE!

**T**HE ACRID SMOKE OF GUN POWDER HANGS IN THE AIR OF THE SLUM STREET, FOR THE F.B.I. MEN HAVE JUST FOUGHT A BATTLE WITH A KILLER!

WE GOT HIM GOOD!  
HE'S DYING!

HE DESERVED IT! THE RAT, LOOK AT HIM, KILLER MATTHEWS-- IN THE GUTTER WHERE HE BELONGS!

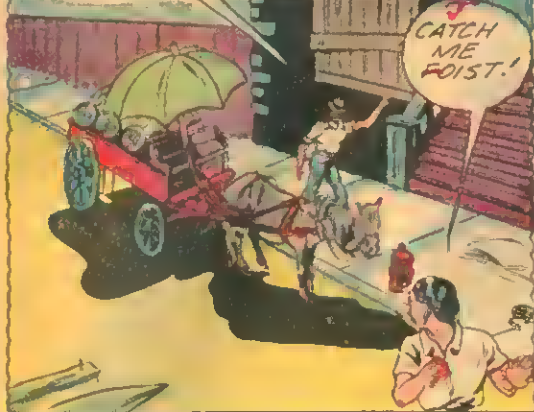
I'M FINISHED... GUESS THIS IS THE WAY I WAS SUPPOSED TO CASH IN-- I REMEMBER HOW I STARTED... ON THIS TRAIL--



THE KILLER'S LIFE FLASHES BEFORE HIM IN THE LAST GASPS OF HIS BREATH...

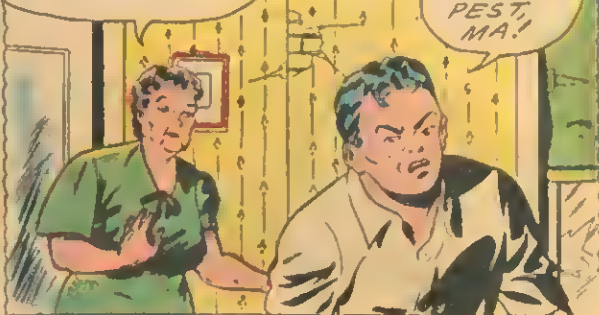
YA LITTLE CROOK!  
C'MON BACK WIT' DOSE  
APPLES.' YA CROOK!

CATCH  
ME  
FOIST!



EDDIE, THE TRUANT OFFICER WAS HERE AGAIN. YOU ARE A BAD BOY. YOU DIDN'T GO TO SCHOOL. WHAT'S GOING TO BECOME OF YOU? NOW I GOTTA GO TO WORK. I'LL SPEAK TO YOU WHEN I COME BACK!

AH...  
STOP  
BEIN' A  
PEST,  
MA!



ONE DAY IN THE SCHOOL YARD ....

I CAN  
USE THIS  
CAP!

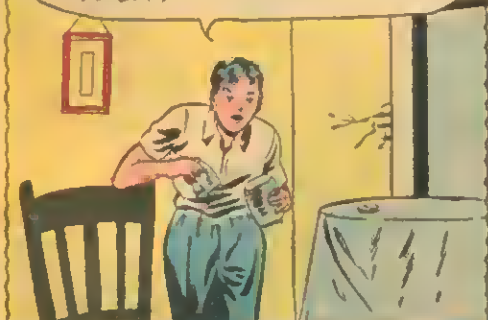
KEEP YOUR  
HANDS OFF THE  
KID, WISE  
GUY!

LEMME  
ALONE!



LITTLE LATER...

NOW THE OLD LADY'S GONE--  
I'LL SEE WHAT KINDA DOUGH  
SHE HAS--AH--HERE'S A COUPLA  
BUCKS. I'LL TAKE OFF DOWN  
TO DA POOL ROOM!



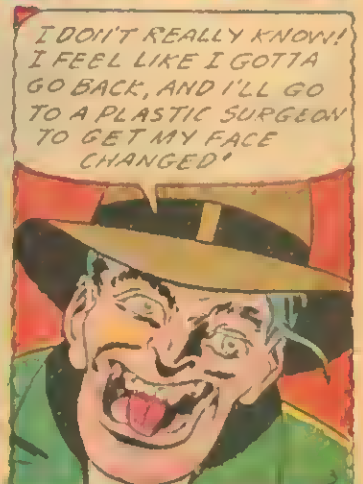
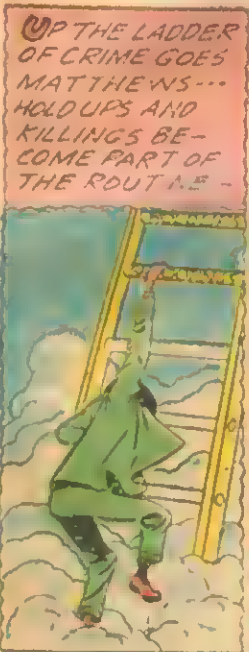
OH, YOU'RE THAT SMART  
BOY--GLENN SCOTT, AIN'T  
YA? WELL, YOU BETTER  
NOT BUTT INTA WHAT  
DON'T CONCERN YA!

MAYBE I'LL MAKE  
THINGS CONCERN ME!  
YOU LEAVE  
THE KID  
ALONE!

AND  
IF I  
DON'T...







TRUE TO HIS WISHES, THE KILLER GOES BACK TO HIS OLD NEIGHBORHOOD...

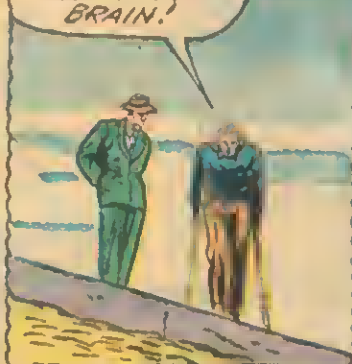
NOBODY'LL KNOW ME WITH THIS NEW FACE! GEE, THE OLD DUMP HASN'T CHANGED AT ALL! THAT GUY LIMPIN' UP THE STREET LOOKS VERY FAMILIAR!



YOU--I KNOW YOU-- KILLER MATTHEWS! THE MAN WHO CRIPPLED ME!

YEAH! YOU'RE GLENN SCOTT B-- BUT HOW DID YOU RECOGNIZE ME?

DO YOU THINK I CAN EVER FORGET YOU? YOU RUINED MY LIFE-- AND CHANGING YOUR FACE CAN'T ERASE YOU FROM MY BRAIN!



NOW THAT YOU KNOW ME-- WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? YOU CRIPPLE!

WHAT CAN I DO, I'M HELPLESS AGAINST YOU-- PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! NOW PLEASE LET ME PASS-- I HAVE TO GO TO WORK!



THE PUNK! HE'S SCARED STIFF OF ME!

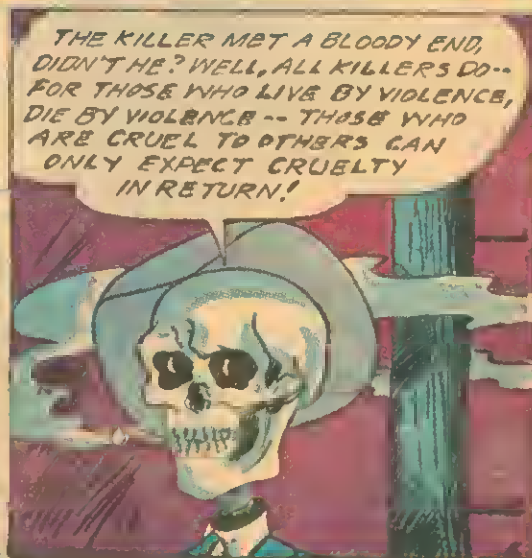
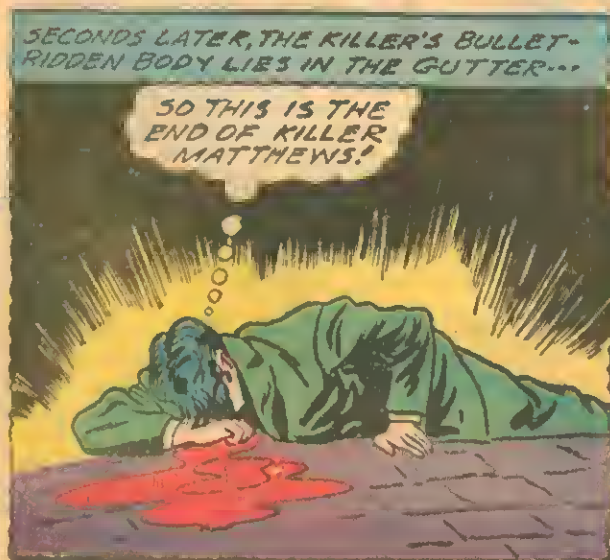
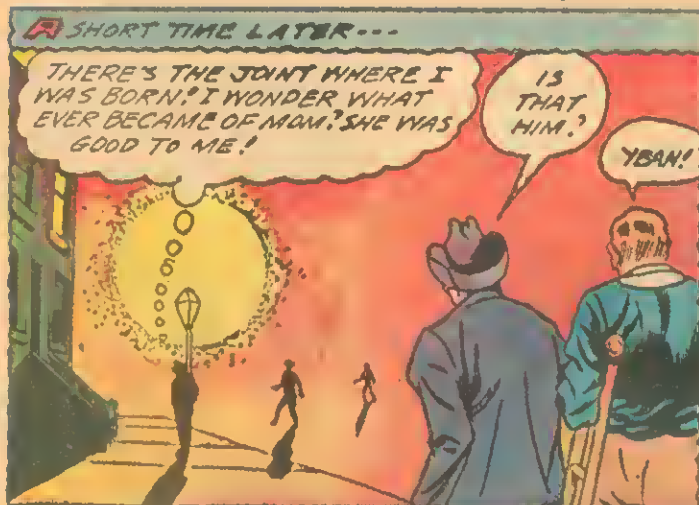


BUT THE CRIPPLED SCOTT HAS IDEAS OF HIS OWN ---

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION? I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND KILLER MATTHEWS! YOU MUST MOVE FAST-- IF YOU CATCH HIM, I'LL GET THE REWARD, WON'T I? GOOD! I CAN USE THE DOUGH!









MR. AND MRS. CHARLEY L. WHATLEY  
OF CUTHBERT, GA. CAN TELL YOU—  
IT'S PRACTICAL AS WELL AS PATRIOTIC  
TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE

"I wouldn't own a farm, clear, today," says Mr. Whatley, "if it weren't for U. S. Savings Bonds. My wife and I joined the Payroll Savings Plan in 1943, putting about 25% of our combined pay into bonds. We'd saved \$6,925 by 1950. \$4,000 in bonds bought us our 202-acre farm. Other bonds went for a new truck, refrigerator and electric range. Bonds are the best way of saving!"

The Whatleys' story  
can be your story, too!

Today, start your safe, sure saving program by signing up for U. S. Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Even very small sums, saved systematically through these plans, will provide the cash to make your dreams come true.

U. S. SAVINGS BONDS  
ARE DEFENSE BONDS—  
BUY THEM REGULARLY!



# BUNK!

NOBODY  
IS JUST  
"Naturally"

# SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll  
Give YOU A New Body

WOULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of manhood that today I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" gets results! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy natural method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—just 15 minutes each day—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, self-confidence, new energy!

My Illustrated Book is Yours  
—Not for \$1.00 or 10c—But FREE

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," 48 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs, valuable advice, answers to many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Rush the coupon to me personally. Charles Atlas, Dept 378G 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 378 G  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages—packed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name ..... Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of  
The World's Most Per-  
fectly Developed Man



# BLACKHEADS 'PET HATE'

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead... according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date but!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But it's just that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's gone at night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you're YOUR eyes burning? Well, you've a company and, sid to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are... and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them... if they want to!

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" super at track, games, sports of all kinds... who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles?

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls

### Become Careless

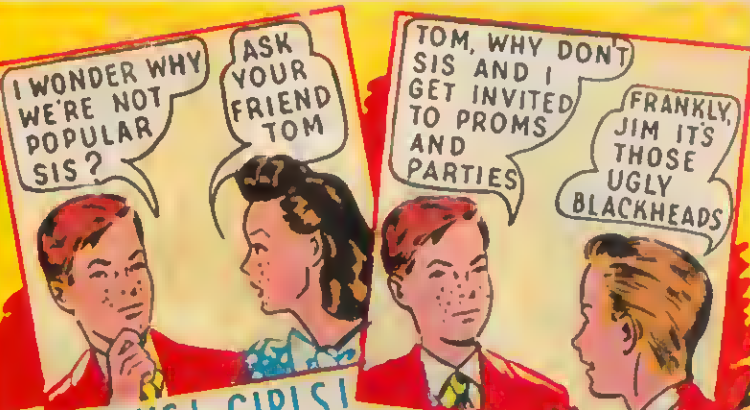
Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make up "ships" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

## TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!  
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS  
OUT in Seconds with  
VACUTEX

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless... safe... fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores... make your skin look grimy and dingy... give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple. But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL  
LENGTH  
3 1/2"

RUSH  
COUPON  
NOW!

10 DAY  
TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads, this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



No Squeezing  
No Infection  
No Injury  
to Skin  
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

## 10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 2807  
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.  
☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.  
My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.